

# THE DAILY REBEL.

Office on Market Street, over the Back of Tennessee.

CHATTANOOGA:  
TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 6, 1862.

## THE SITUATION.

We have received nothing additional from the front, to what appeared in yesterday's issue of the *Rebel*. An official dispatch from General Bragg, received yesterday, bearing date of the day previous, announces that the enemy retired on the night of the 1st, but a short distance in his rear. The next evening, (2d) there was a brief, sharp contest, in which we drove the enemy's left flank from position, but our assaulting party retired again with considerable loss on both sides.

At last accounts Generals Wheeler and Wharton, had again got in the rear of Rosecrans, and had captured two hundred more prisoners, and one piece of artillery, and had destroyed two hundred loaded wagons.

Among the prisoners brought here within the past few days, are representatives from seventy-eight different regiments of the Yankee army. This fact of itself, evidences in a great measure, the utter demoralization of the enemy, after his severe chastigation of Wednesday. Every regiment must have suffered in the defeat, more or less.

The signal victory which our army has achieved over the forces of the enemy on the soil of Middle Tennessee, places Gen. Braxton Bragg before the country in a new attitude—that of success.

When it was known that this officer was retreating out of Kentucky the press of the South, with few exceptions condemned him without mercy. Among those who withheld an expression of opinion and awaited fuller particulars, was this journal. Details arrived at length, like everything else connected with that army, and through letters pro and con, official dispatches and opinions innumerable, we were given time and thought upon the vexed controversy. Among other things, accident gave us, also, a personal interview with Gen. Bragg, and we read with attention the explanations of John Forsyth. It out of all this material the inexplicabilities of the ill-starred campaign in Kentucky were not cleared up to our satisfaction; if, with the majority of our fellow journalists of the South we could not withhold an ominous shake of the head, and if up to this good hour we are as much in the fog as ever, our readers can hear us witness that we on no occasion exhibited ill temper, much less severity of criticism towards Gen. Bragg—that we counselled the most conservative moderation instead, and that we opened our columns freely to those who desired, and whom we deemed competent to undertake a defense of himself, and a development of his campaign.

We adopted this course because we were sincerely anxious to find a solution of the problem, and because we have yet to learn the benefits of hasty judgment and acrimonious strictures upon the conduct of commanding Generals.

A new, and we trust in all cases, a more pleasing duty, devolves upon the press of the South than the record of the Kentucky campaign required. Gen. Bragg has defeated Rosecrans, and has driven his immense army back upon Nashville. The extent of the victory at present is great, and may become far greater. The result might give us possession of Nashville, and open up to us another and surer pathway into Kentucky. The loss sustained by us in the execution of this good work, though serious, has been small in comparison to other battle-fields, where the combatants have fought long and well. If we had been defeated, Gen. Bragg would have been damned from one end of the South to the other; he would have been jeered and hooted from the service. What shall we say of him now that he has realized all which could have been realized by any other commander?

Nothing is clearer. Justice is justice, under any and all circumstances. If we hated Gen. Bragg with the hate of hate, we should do him the justice which the late events command of all honest men.

The organization of the army, the restoration of order to its demoralized ranks, and the excellent condition which attended it into the conflict, was the work of Gen. Bragg.

Whatever differences may exist in regard to his genius as a leader, his capacity as an

executive officer cannot be questioned by any one. Without going into a detail or argument upon the former point, it is to be observed that from present intelligence his plan of defense, his line of battle, and his entire map of operations were skillfully laid down, as they were admirably executed.

Until there are stronger reasons than now exist for calling him in question, let us yield the soldier's palm of triumph to Braxton Bragg.

The efficient Provost of Atlanta, has recently been made the victim of a "cell." On Thursday evening, the following dispatch was received at the Provost Marshal's office, Atlanta:

MARIETTA, Jan. 2, 1862.

COL. LEE: Send ten (10) men to arrest riotous mob, without fail on seven and half (7 1/2) o'clock train.

W. M. SCALIN MARTIN, Major C. S. A.

The ten men were promptly sent, but discovered the story about the "notorious mob" to be a wicked hoax. They found the survivor of the dispatch, Major Martin, cutting an extensive swell in the quiet park of Marietta. They took him in tow, and escorted him to the Atlanta Barracks, where a little dark closet was appropriated to him. The seller, himself became the victim to the cell.

A riotous story, copied from the Northern papers, is going the rounds of the Southern Press, concerning a Yankee named Greene having been made the bearer of propositions of peace between the Confederacy and the United States, and a restoration of the Union. It is about the greenest trick a Yankee ever perpetrated.

The PRESIDENT arrived in Atlanta Friday night, en route for Richmond. Artillery salutes announced his arrival, and a crowd collected around the train, and Mr. Davis made a brief but animated and cheering speech. A special car, furnished with a sofa was provided to convey him to Augusta.

Large numbers of our wounded have arrived here within the past two days, and the kind Surgeons of the hospitals, and their Assistants, and the benevolent and patriotic ladies of Chattanooga, have been indefatigable in their exertions to promote the comfort of the sufferers.

We asked a sick soldier the other day if he had the *Pneumonia*. "No," he said with a sorrowful shake of the head—"it ain't new w' me, it's the same old monia."

It is stated that the ice-house at Fredericksburg were found to be full of dead Yankees. That was't such a bad idea. The dead ones will send a little something cool when they get to "where the good Yankees go."

When Myneur Roscenes demanded of us the surrender of Murfreesboro, we presume he expected us to bring it down to him at Nashville—as he couldnt wait to take it himself.

The Northern press is agitated about the policy of the removal of the Federal Capital. If, with the majority of our fellow journalists of the South we could not withhold an ominous shake of the head, and if up to this good hour we are as much in the fog as ever, our readers can hear us witness that we on no occasion exhibited ill temper, much less severity of criticism towards Gen. Bragg—that we counselled the most conservative moderation instead, and that we opened our columns freely to those who desired, and whom we deemed competent to undertake a defense of himself, and a development of his campaign.

A HUG CARGO.—Our friend, M. B. Parham, has our thanks for an immense cargo headed, as white as snow, and as firm as a stone—the product of the Old North-State.—Friend P. has a fine stock of groceries and family supplies, but no more of such cargo.

Lincoln's appeal to the Governor of New York—Don't Say More.

The Yankee prisoners taken at Murfreesboro were sent South on yesterday.

**THE KILLED BY THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—The following are the names of the persons killed by the Railroad accident, mentioned in our paper yesterday:

S. Row, Chattanooga, Color Sergeant Co. A, 19th Tennessee Regiment.

Wm. Buchanan, Co. F, 1st Arkansas Regiment.

Jack Bartee, Co. K, 45th Alabama Regiment.

Higley, Co. D, 45th Alabama Regiment.

Corporal Tolles, Co. K, 1st Arkansas Regiment.

Terrill Beeks, Co. B, 1st Mississippi Regiment.

Corporal H. J. Orsiv, Co. K, South Carolina Regiment.

Chattanooga, Jan. 2d, 1862.

**EDITOR REBEL:** I desire to tender to the ladies of Chattanooga and vicinity the sincere thanks of the sick and wounded soldiers, for their prompt attendance and timely assistance at the R. R. Depot upon the arrival of trains from Murfreesboro—also donations very opportunely made of old linen and cotton rags, of which the hospitals can never have too great a supply.

The women of the South know their duty and ever perform it, generously, nobly.

Respectfully, your ob't servt.  
S. H. STOUT.  
Post Surgeon.

BY GRAPE-VINE AND OTHERWISE  
ON DITS OF THE DAY.

CHATTANOOGA..... Tuesday Evening, 8 P. M.

The operator of the Grapevine, having been up all night, at a "stag-dance," in commemoration of the great battle of Murfreesboro, came in this morning, threw his extended frame across the sanctum tabis, coiffed himself up into a hard knot—slept—and dreamed this dream:

While my heavy lids were closing, fancy followed the advancing banners of the glorious army of Bragg—on—on to Nashville. By some unaccountable means I was floated on the wings of sleep, and dreamed myself once more so valiant "file-closer," following two paces in the rear, the unbroken ranks of the "Twentieth," over the worm fence and through the cedar glades of Lavergne. We came upon the routed Yankees a mile beyond the village. I was furnished with an Enfield and forty rounds of Minnie cartridge. I "raised" and "drew a broad" on the broad blue back of a fat Dutch Major; Bang! I peered through the smoke over the muzzle and saw him reeling as he ran. In another moment his head struck a tree and he fell as still as a log. Now the blue line becomes thinner. One after one they tumble forward and we pass over a carpet of dead Yankees. I have never accomplished such a foot race in my life. The Yankees, so fleet of foot when danger is in the rear, outstripped us, as we ran. Suddenly we emerge from a line of forest trees—straight before us for half a mile, extends an area of felled trees and fascines. Two bold blue jackets are hopping over them like bluebirds. We are following. In front looms up the black line of fortifications on the suburbs of South Nashville. No "stand" is attempted at Saint Cloud, Fort Negley, Fort Johnson, Fort Confiscation are lined with felt hats and brass-horns. The first long smoke curl up from the left fort, and then the whiz of screaming shell rends the air above us, and I for one squat like a rabbit [here the dreamer fell off the table and was nearly awakened by the concussion. Still he dreamed his dream]. On both sides the artillery opened a hurricane of shot and shell. The General had dispatched to Chattanooga for more spherical case to shell the city and it was coming in by the wagon load and being shot off faster than it came in. The atmosphere was lurid with red-hot balls, my head and ears were roaring with the detonation of a hundred inclosing howitzers. We are scaling the heights. The cupolas of the Presbyterian Church, topple and fall crushed with a "thunderer" Nashville—dear old Nashville spreads out before me. Its streets are blue with flying Yankees. Forrest is coming in on the North for I can hear his shrill command above the thunder of the guns. Morgan is coming in on the East and his "merry bingle" greets me. Wheeler and Winston and the rest are galloping down Broadway, and

Clattering flies battered with clanging hoofs, And forms that passed at windows and on roofs of marble palaces!

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"Hermes" writes from Richmond to the Charleston Mercury:

Gen. Lee has said that to him it was a double victory, over Burnside and his own troops, who for the first time were cured of straggling. Only six cases are reported—Compare this with Sharpsburg, where there were 20,000, and you will see the force of Gen. Lee's remark. His army is now disciplined as it should be, and the world has never seen its equal. It has fought more battles than any army ever fought, and it has never been defeated. Always brave, it has but this single vice, of straggling, and now that has been conquered.

When Gen. Lee rode along the lines on Tuesday morning, he would say to the division and brigade commanders as he passed them: "General, you hit them a little too hard on Saturday. I fear you have discouraged them, and that we will get no more fights out of them."

**MARRIED:** On Dec. 28th, 1861, by Rev. Wm. Brewster, Dr. C. T. Keeler, of Morgan's command, to Miss G. A. Edmondson, of Spring Place.

**JOHN E. BROWN.**

**McNAUL & IRVING.**

**LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA,**

**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**

And Agents for the sale of

**New Orleans Sugar and Molasses.**

We invite attention to our market as being the cheapest for sugar in the State, with great advantages in shipping to interior merchants.

Attention, Hamilton County Conscripts.

A 1st person in Hamilton County, liable to conscription, between the ages of 18 and 40 years, will be assembled at Chattanooga, on the 10th day of January, 1862.

Blank certificates of exemption will be furnished to those who may be entitled to them. Persons in the military, having exemption under the law, are advised to make application to the enrolling of conscripts at once, that their claim may be decided on the 10th of January. All will come to the place of rendezvous supplied with blankets or other bedding.

E. D. BLACK, Lt. Col. U. S. A.

John E. Brown, Commandant of Conscripts.

**MONEY FOUND.**

CONSIDERABLE sum of money found in our hands, awaiting owner.

LEIPER & BENNETTE.

**LOST.**

FROM my stable yesterday, a large-stocked dark bay horse, without any brand, with a scratch on the neck, and a mark on the right hip. Whoever gives information respecting said horse, will be suitably rewarded.

JAMES DOBBS.

**S\$0 REWARD.**

I will pay the above reward for the arrest and delivery to me of persons who have committed the offense of robbing the mail coach, which was stopped at the camp of said regt. on Gainesville, Ga., on the 10th ult., and is supposed to have gone to his home in Dixie county, Georgia. Sold Warren is aged about 31 years, four feet six inches high, fair skin, blue eyes, light hair, and heavy beard.

JNO. B. COUNTISS, Comdg. Co. H, 1st Ga. Inf.

**HORSES FOR SALE.**

WILLIE, per \$25 for the capture and delivery to me, or confinement in any jail so that I can get him, or my negro boy Jim, who runaway on the 18th inst. He is a strong male, 22 years old, about 5 feet 9 inches high, well built, weighs about 150 pounds, has rather a bold and pleasant countenance—full face—very alert and smart. He was raised in Lumpkin county, Ga. He probably has a forged pass and cap and a Yankee blue jacket. I will pay \$100 for his arrest and reward to any person for harboring him, or aiding him to escape.

ALVIN, Dec. 22-23.

**SALT! SALT!**

THE undersigned have for sale at Selbyville, Va., SIX CAR LOADS OF SALT, in sacks of three bushels, 20 pounds per bushel, now ready for shipment. Persons wishing to purchase will address the undersigned at Glendale Springs, Va., by the first of January. Bills will be rendered for one or more car loads, and the best bid offered will be accepted. The salt is in the best quality.

Dec. 22-23. M. E. DRICKENSON & Co.

**NOTICE.**

IV Charles Hemmings, of Oliver's Company, this day, sends to the public the particulars concerning the Negro boy who left at Cave City, Ky., on the 16th of September last. Any information concerning the whereabouts of this negro will be thankfully received by the undersigned.

Dec. 22-23. J. J. BARKER, Esq., 100 Broad St., Memphis, Tenn.

**NOTICE.**

PERSONS wishing to set their negroes beyond reach of the Yankees are advised

at the 1st of January, 1862. Reference, W. J. C. Conner, Esq., S. A. Apply at once in person or by letter.